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PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS AND PICTURESQUE SOUND.

M. CHARLES LÉVÊQUE, one of the greatest living authorities upon the science of dynamics and other bewildering branches of physics that are more than Eleusinian mysteries to ninety-nine music-lovers of every hundred (including the writer of this paper) has recently addressed to the Académie Française a memoir, having for its title: "Psychologie des timbres; les timbres complexes et la musique pittoresque." It is not easy to understand; that is, not all of it; but contains a good many ingenious and well thought-out notions, obviously the result of hard study and close observation. Some of the theories it puts forward are so cognate in certain respects, and so widely different in others, to those hinted at by Wagner and converted into a gospel by his disciples, that one's already profound regret for the Master's decease is deepened by unavailing curiosity to know what he would have said—and he certainly would have said something of an eye-opening character—to M. Lévêque's remarkable definitions; a small selection of which I subjoin, trusting that the readers of THE LUTE, should they find one or two of them unintelligible, will derive some consolation in their perplexity from my respectful assurance that it is shared by myself.

Symphonic music, according to the learned essayist, in its final analysis falls back upon instrumental voices—consequently, upon psychological elements. Is it the same with that branch of symphonic music styled picturesque music, or has this latter special resources of its own? It possesses (in common with music expressive of sentiment), time, rhythm and tones, as well as the major and minor modes with their respective psychological characters of joy and sadness. If, therefore, picturesque music differs from other descriptions of music, it can only be by its *timbres*.

Let it be observed that no *timbre* of the orchestra is exactly imitative of any noise or of any voice of Nature. Therefore, there is no imitative music.

In default of imitative reproduction, we have the analogy between natural and artificial sounds—between natural noises and instrumental sounds. This analogy—sometimes close, sometimes distant, even very much so—is interpreted by the imagination, which apprehends analogous beings (real or fantastic) in analogous *timbres*, i.e., voices. Listening to certain sounds, the imagination also recalls, or conjures up, natural noises analogous to those sounds which, as they idealise natural noises, are spoken of by musicians and critics as "the voices of nature."

The music called picturesque (also romantic) consists chiefly of *timbres* which ideally express the voices of Nature, and of *timbres* which call to mind fantastic individualities, such as elves, fairies, sylphs, devils, &c. To what instruments do these *timbres* belong? With respect to this interesting point good work has been done by the majority of theoretical musicians, but always in an accidental and incomplete manner. Hector Berlioz, for instance, whom Schumann called "an orchestral virtuoso," undertook (in his grand "Treaty on Instrumentation and Orchestration") "the until now much neglected study of the nature of *timbres* and of each of their particular characters and expressive faculties," to quote his own words. Berlioz grasped the problem, and stated it clearly. But his Treaty on Instrumentation presents mere facts to us, without analysing them or verifying them. The psychologist must take up this task at the point at which Berlioz dropped it. Picturesque music professes above all else to express the voices of nature; and as those voices are noises, it frequently has recourse to noisy instruments—notably, to the big drum.

Berlioz has supplied us with curious and altogether novel matter in relation to this instrument, and M. Lévêque carefully investigates the effects attributed to it by the composer of *La Damnation de Faust*. By patient and close analysis he demonstrates that the big drum's vague, undetermined *timbre* may suggest to the hearer's fancy a considerable number of noises. Which of these has it been the composer's purpose to recall? In the case of music without words it would be impossible to answer this question, did not one or more of the superior, vocal and psychological instruments step in with a musical definition of the undetermined sound yielded by the instrument à *percussion*.

The kettle-drum stands a little higher in the musical scale than the big drum. It is—so say Berlioz and Gevaert—of all instruments à *percussion*, that from which modern composers have elicited the most picturesque effects. Although giving out a more distinct tone than the big drum, the sound produced by this instrument is still too indefinite to be able to dispense with the aid of psychological instruments. It should be studied from two points of view, like all instruments of moderate or powerful *timbre*. It may cause you to think of a *thing*—for instance of a gun going off; in this case it suggests the idea of an object, or *substantive*. It may cause you to think of the sonorous character of some unknown object; for instance, its roll shall be *lugubrious* without enabling you to guess the exact object

producing the lugubrious sound to which you are listening; in this second case, it plays the part of a musical *adjective*. As a musical *substantive*, it signifies or recalls several objects. Which, you will ask? A gunshot, in Méhul's overture to *Le Jeune Henri*? But, without the horns (which, being the musical voice of men engaged in hunting, indicate that a hunt is going on), the thump on the kettle-drum might just as well be taken to mean a blow on a door with a stone. Here, therefore, it is the more clear toned and psychological instrument—the horn—that particularises the musical signification of the less clear-toned instrument—the kettle-drum.

If this instrument only plays a qualificative part—as when it imparts a lugubrious character to one knows not what—it must necessarily be one or more psychological instruments that shall indicate (by analogy, of course) the actual thing or object, the roll of which is lugubrious.

Climbing a few more rungs of the ladder of musicality and *timbres*, we come upon the trombone. Berlioz has devoted many brilliant pages to this instrument, which he designates as “an Olympian voice and a magnificent individuality.” If, by analysis, we reduce all Berlioz's observations to their psychological elements, we arrive at two important results. Imprimis, accepted *substantively* as the voice of somebody—man, priest, demon or genius—the trombone (in proportion to the aptitude of its employment) is much more self-defining than are inferior instruments. Its sonority is that of the soul—human, sacerdotal, *peu importe*. Secundo, when it fulfils the function of an adjective, or qualificative, the trombone imparts psychological characters to the orchestra, such as heroic pomp, majesty, pride, &c. But, at the same time, it is extremely picturesque; for, says Berlioz, “it expresses the wrath of the elements and the clamours of the storm, lending its strident voice to the forces of irate Nature.”

Looking thus closely into the matter, we arrive at the conclusion that picturesque music owes to the expressive and psychological music produced by the more clear-toned instruments the larger proportion of its powers, falsely denominated “imitative” and “descriptive.”

Analysing Berlioz's extremely subtle and instructive dissertations upon the *cor anglais*, M. Lévêque draws conclusions from them similar to the above. He utilizes some remarks of Carl Maria von Weber as a text for his “psychological analysis of *timbres*,” in the course of which he points out that not only wind-instruments, but stringed instruments (the most psychological of the whole orchestra) are infinitely richer in picturesque effects than the so-called “picturesque instruments,” of which, as a rule, they determine the musical signification, as far as this is possible without words; for it must not be forgotten that M. Lévêque's essay concerns itself exclusively with instrumental music.

These instruments are not pencils, paint-brushes or descriptive pens; neither are any orchestral instruments whatsoever. They give us all they

have to give—that is to say, the sounds, isolated or combined, of their respective *timbres*. Those sounds, the essayist insists, do not imitate any sort of voice. They are, at the most, analogous to certain noises and voices. Their analogy to these is often a very remote one; that which it recalls is a hundred times greater than that which it textually expresses. You hear four or five notes of the horn, accompanied by other instruments, and exclaim, “Behold a musical picture!” But these few notes have painted nothing; they have merely excited the imagination (which is the real painter in such a case) to depict to itself a plain, rivers and forests, men, horses and dogs racing across country as hard as they can go. Can you venture to say that the orchestra has painted all these beings and objects for you? There is no such thing as a musical landscape; it does not exist. But, without doubt, the notes produced from one or more instruments stimulate the representative and interpretative faculties of the brain by means of more or less analogous sounds. This intellectual labour must be analysed in a special essay upon Musical Imagination.

Even circumscribed within these limits, the powers of *timbres* are admirably fertile. Their union is prolific of novel *timbres*, delicious, mighty and terrible. Hence the unbounded wealth of instrumental music. Moreover, an observation of great importance results from the above analyses. It is said that certain *timbres* are “picturesque.” Well, let the word pass. But inasmuch as, in this regard, the expression “painting” signifies the act of exciting the human mind to picture certain things to itself, vocal *timbres* are the most picturesque in this sense, since they stimulate the brain to represent to itself not only physical objects but conditions of the soul. It is extremely difficult to draw the line between “picturesque” and “expressive” music.

M. Charles Lévêque sums up his labours in the following terms:—“Picturesque music has scarcely any resources of its own. When, unassisted by words, it assumes a distinct significance up to a certain defined point, it owes that significance to instruments, the *timbres* of which are not mere noises, but voices—and voices of the richest quality. Physical sounds have no value or sense excepting when they are in some sort defined by the sonorities of the soul, and interpreted by the mind.”

Thus far the erudite author of the memoir to which a goodly gathering of French Academicians listened the other day with more or less intellectual perception of its meaning. It may, or may not, prove luminous and convincing to musicians; but it will, at least, leave no doubt in their minds that M. Lévêque is terribly in earnest in his repudiation of the theory that music, *per se*, is pictorial. Throughout the paper, indeed, there is but one touch of humour—probably of the unconscious variety—revealed in M. Lévêque's plain inference, that priests and men are not altogether the same thing, and that there is a conspicuous difference between being human and being sacerdotal. In his

view of what orchestral, wordless music can and cannot do in the way of explaining itself, even to the most cultivated and receptive music-lover, I agree with him, and will crave permission to reproduce here, in support of that view, the concluding paragraph of a paper on "Tone-Painting," which I published two years ago in my friend Clement Scott's magazine, *The Theatre*.

"Tone painting, as it is the fashion amongst certain 'intense' English amateurs to call orchestral music of a descriptive character, does not and cannot, even when executed by a master-hand, depict incident, scenery, or passion with such indisputable, unequivocal accuracy that a highly-trained musical intelligence, unassisted by explanatory words, will infallibly recognise the object or subject dealt with by the composer. It matters not whether those words be put into the mouth of a vocalist, or interpolated in a score (as in the case of Gounod's 'Funeral March of a Marionette') or worked up into the erudite paragraphs of a 'synthetical analysis;' without them no composer, however mighty his genius, can make the musical public—I do not speak of the 'profane' element—understand what he means. As long as there shall be books and programmes, varying in price between sixpence and half-a-crown, to inform you categorically that such a phrase in an orchestral work means a green tree, and such another, a love-pang or a sword-cut, you will be enabled to seize the true significance of those 'tone-paintings' with a promptitude agreeably flattering to your self-esteem—but no longer. Left to the composer and yourself, you will in all probability find yourself mistaking a wooer's raptures for spasms of indigestion, and a calm radiant sunset for a dark and gloomy forest glen, or *vice versa*. Pictures in sound are the converse of good little boys, being heard and not seen. For that very reason they require verbal explanation to render them intelligible. Forlorn of 'Argument,' or 'Glossary,' many of the 'pictorial' compositions which now-a-days enjoy an established reputation—amongst musical enthusiasts of the 'advanced' school, that is to say—for vividness of narrative and accuracy of descriptiveness could scarcely have failed to impress those hearing them for the first time as bearing an unpleasant family likeness to the "idiot's tale," according to Shakespeare's definition—'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'"

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

UNEARNED FAME.

(FIRST PAPER.)

THERE is a story told of a certain gentleman of the last century who, having received an insulting unsigned letter, expressed his opinion that the legislators of the country would do a real duty to society were they to pass an Act to make it compulsory, under a heavy penalty, for the writers of anonymous letters to sign their names at the bottom of their missives.

In pursuance of a like thought, it might be said that much trouble would certainly be saved were all

authors who expect popularity for their efforts to own their productions during their lifetime. A vast amount of anxiety would be spared to a posterity curious in such things. No one writes a book or an essay, or makes any literary or mental venture, without hoping that it will appeal to some congenial soul or another. For the sake of the sympathy expected to be awakened, such author might at least afford a clue to his identity, and thus give the inquirer the opportunity of following it to the end if he so desire it.

Of course there are difficulties in the way of a perfect fulfilment of so amiable a design. It may be contrary to precedent, it may be inconvenient, and it may be undesirable. There may also be a doubt as to whether the eager public will find the matter so much to its taste as to care to prosecute a search for more of the same kind, or to thirst with feverish impatience for information concerning the author of the pleasure enjoyed.

Were it possible to compel all inventors to append their names to their works, one great delight would be lost to posterity. Antiquarian and learned societies would have no reason for existence, and the "erudite speculator into the region of literary fossils," would be as great a curiosity as anything he ever searched for. If the practice commends itself to the minds of the authors of the future some further steps may be taken. For example: in addition to the bare statement of authorship, some sort of guarantee might also be appended to the effect that the whole work was the genuine production of the named originator, and that it was neither "conveyed" or "quoted" from anybody else. There could be no harm of course in the case of a first work in expressing a hope that the effort would be one of a probable series, that it should be offered for admiration like the boy's boat—namely, because he did it all himself out of his own head, and that he had got wood enough left to make another.

If authors had been compelled to sign their works perhaps Solomon would never have complained that "of making many books there is no end," because men are more careful about things they are compelled to own. The interest in old works would not have been less even though their origin was indisputable. Kindly disposed critics would never have need to encourage a bitter hatred of each other arising out of a discussion as to whether this or that man wrote this or that thing. There could be no cause to nourish deadly literary animosities against those who, prompted by the spirit which animates all searchers after the truth, arrive at different conclusions after starting from the same premises.

No one would dare to furnish elaborate treatises to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakspeare. Homer would have told how much of the Iliad and the Odyssey were his own. We should never be troubled to inquire the origin of stories told by Petrarca or Chaucer or Dryden or any other man; there would be no need to hunt up musty books to trace the author of the "Eikon Basilike," or to show by contemporary authorities whether Leve-ridge, or Lock, or Purcell wrote the music in the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare, or Middleton or Colley

Cibber. There would be no difficulty in deciding whether Handel was indebted to himself, to Stradella, to Gaspar Kerl, to Urio, whoever he may have been, to Carissimi or to other writers whose thoughts are said to be enshrined in his immortal works. It would be easy to tell out of the many members of the Bach family who was really the author of some of the works indiscriminately allotted to the most convenient. All that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and even Mendelssohn wrote would be properly assigned to them, and none would have gained unearned fame from works which have been attributed to them but which they probably never saw in their lives.

Thanks to the enterprise of special writers who have made particular composers their study, some of the credit which belongs to those who had a right to enjoy it has been placed to right accounts. There is, however, much more to be done by those who choose to work in this direction. There is still, for example, a doubt in the minds of many as to whether Henry Carey or John Bull or Handel wrote the so-called National Anthem. The doubt was raised by an unhappy "meddler and muddler" in musical antiquities. He probably thought that because John Bull was the typical name for an Englishman, and that there was once a composer called by that name, it would be clever to try and prove that the National Anthem was written by one who bore the national name. He produced tampered documents to support his assertion, and so shook the belief of those who until then had no doubt on the subject. It is not necessary to repeat the statements. They cannot be dignified by the term arguments, there is enough on the subject to show that if the "Anthem" "never had no father, never had no mother," but "grewed," like Topsy, its nurse was Henry Carey, and John Bull has enjoyed an unearned fame. It is remarkable, however, that there is one point not dwelt upon by any of those who have spoken on the subject, and that is the peculiar rhythm of the verses. There is no other ballad or song in the same metre in the English language. The nearest approach that can be found is in Shakspeare's or Lord Bacon's, or the other man's song, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," but the parallel only lasts for two lines. The metre enjoys a perfect singularity in secular verse. There is a hymn by John Marriott, "Thou whose Almighty word," which is "measure for measure" with Carey's "Loyal song," as it is called in the earliest printed copy, in the "Thesaurus Musicus," published about 1738. There is nothing like it in the poetry of the Elizabethan period, the time of John Bull, and Marriott's hymn was not written until 1816 or thereabouts. As late as the year 1826, when the words are printed in collections of songs, which give, where possible, the author's names, "God save the King" is ascribed to Carey, and to Carey the fame should be given until some stronger evidence to the contrary can be produced to that which has already been advanced. Internal evidence is worth something in certain matters of doubt, and there is internal evidence in another case which will deprive the nominal author

of the fame he has unjustly earned. Most musicians who are acquainted with Cathedral music know an anthem for eight voices, "O give thanks," said to be by Boyce. The real author is Croft. The character of the music is proof enough to the expert. This alone would be insufficient to establish the matter in a Court of Law. There is, however, evidence in existence which may be considered conclusive. The Anthem was first printed about the year 1769, in a publication called "The Cathedral Magazine, or Divine Harmony; being a collection of the most valuable and useful Anthems in score." Compositions printed here for the first time are specially distinguished in the memorable words of the original—"N.B.—Those marked with a * was never before published." Croft is given as the author. Boyce was living at the time of the publication, and had just completed his "Cathedral Music," in three volumes. If the music had been his, he would have resented the publication of another man's name to his labour. There is no ground for supposing that he did so. The Anthem was published in 1790 as Boyce's, by his widow, in the second collection of his posthumous works, edited by Dr. Philip Hayes. It is, therefore, not unlikely that Boyce had made a copy of the Anthem for his Collection, and his literary executor (not knowing it was Croft's) had claimed it for Boyce. A search among old books belonging to our cathedrals may probably bring to light copies of earlier date than the publications of 1769 and 1790. The words of the Anthem are printed by Carleton in 1736, by Bayly in 1769, by Mason in 1782, in their several books of words. It is difficult to understand how the error has been perpetuated. It can only be attributed to the indifference which exists among cathedral men to the treasures committed to their charge. The final "Hallelujah" has been thought to be more in the style of Boyce than of Croft, but it appears in "The Cathedral Magazine," and may be taken as a curious instance of the similarity of ideas in the two great Church composers.

It may not be necessary to do more than allude to the fact that James Kent, of Winchester Cathedral, has earned fame for music that properly belongs also to Croft. His "conveyances" from Steffani have only recently been discovered. Sir Frederick Ouseley possesses a volume of Steffani's music which formerly belonged to Kent. Under the Italian master's music are English words written in pencil by the Winchester organist's hand. These adaptations are printed as originals in Kent's Anthems.

Bononcini was driven out of England in consequence of the discovery that he had appropriated a Motet by Lotti. It is difficult to divine the reason why he should have made such a mistake as to borrow from a composer whose works were likely to be known. He should have taken a few lessons from his rival Handel and have been cautious in his proceedings. He was a clever, and as far as the age permitted, an original writer. If he was doubtful about his own powers and thought it best to steal, he might have remembered the old proverb,

well known in all European languages, that it is not wicked to rob, but it is criminal to be discovered.

He might have adopted the plan followed by Burney, who took advantage of the researches of Hawkins, copying even his errors and then have sneered at the labours he did not scruple to appropriate.

There are a great many musicians who have earned fame for works they never executed, without in the least seeking the honour. Thus Tallis enjoys the credit of having invented the plain song to the responses sung in many cathedrals. He simply added harmonies for use in Church, and has not even the right to be considered as the collector or compiler of the themes. That honour belongs to Cranmer or to some unknown musician employed by him to arrange the plain song employed from time immemorial in choral service. Editors and publishers are not blameless in helping an author to fame he has no right to.

The limits of the present paper will not permit of too exhaustive an enquiry into the details. Every intelligent reader, and all the readers of *THE LUTE* fall into this category, can supply instances out of his own knowledge.

It will suffice to point out a few of the most common errors which are frequently repeated, in the hope that future Editors will hesitate before accepting statements often loosely made, and thus help to give "honour where honour is due."

In so simple a matter as a song it will be found on enquiry that a great many mistakes are innocently perpetuated. A few examples will show this. The well known song, "Cease rude Boreas," is said in many books to be by Falconer, the author of the poem called "The Shipwreck." The real author was George Alexander Stevens. The words of "The Thorn," a song still a favourite with tenor singers, were written by O'Keeffe, not by Burns. "Come live with me" is not by Shakspeare or the other man, or Sir Walter Raleigh, but by Christopher Marlowe. "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," also attributed to Burns, is by Thomas Kyle, of Glasgow. It first appeared in 1820, in a publication called "The Harp of Renfrewshire." The music is by R. A. Smith, a fact which is likewise not generally known. The melody of "Home, Sweet Home" is unquestionably by Sir Henry Bishop. It appeared originally as "a Sicilian air," and on the ground that there was no international copyright between England and the sulphur producing country, an enterprising publisher issued a version of the music, with a perversion of the words, the first verse of which ran thus:—

"Mid courts and 'mid pleasures though oft we may roam,
Be it never so lowly there's no place like home;
So heav'nly a charm seems to be with us there
Which tho' sought thro' the world we shall not meet elsewhere.

Home, sweet home."

In spite of an elaborate defence to prove his right, the publisher had to suppress his publication, and to pay costs to the real author. The book called "The Vocal Companion," in which the spurious

version appeared has become exceedingly scarce, and no copy of the pirated sheet with the music can be had for money, much less for love.

"The Bay of Biscay" is another song whose authorship has been assigned to several writers. To Charles Dibdin, to Prince Hoare and to others. The real author was Andrew Cherry. Of the last named there is an amusing story told, perhaps concerning this very song. A publisher had once before played Cherry a "shrewd turn" which he could not resent. On the occasion in question his designs were checked in time, and Cherry wrote to caution him, saying, "Sir, you have tricked me once, you shall not do it again. So be sure you shall not have two bites at—A. Cherry."

Another song which has enjoyed popularity through three-quarters of a century, "The Death of Nelson," is said to have been written by Charles Dibdin. There is no proof that he wrote even the four lines which had previously served as the introductory recitative to a song on the death of Abercrombie in 1792. Dibdin's verses of the "Death of Nelson" are much more vigorous in expression and poetical in idea than the popular *ad captandum* lines set by Braham.

The two old songs, "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town," which foreign prima donnas, with more or less knowledge of the English tongue and a less or more acquaintance with English taste, always persist in singing in season and out of season, have a peculiar history and have brought fame to certain worthy folk who have done nothing to deserve it. The first is said to have been written by Mrs. Jordan, a once celebrated singer and actress, and the second by James Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, and the man who played Bach's fugues for the organ for the first time in England. Mrs. Jordan entered her song at Stationers' Hall in 1800. The words were borrowed from an older song, and certain of the questionable verses omitted. In this respect she deserves commendation, though at the same time it is impossible to see what merit there is in the words as they exist to justify their popularity. The melody is charming, and perhaps serves as the amber in which the midget poetry is preserved. There is a tradition derived from the late Sir John Goss, that the melody was written for, not by, Mrs. Jordan, and that the true composer was one James Moulds, whoever he was. "Within a mile of Edinboro' town" is another "reformed ballad," originally written by Tom D'Urfey at the latter end of the seventeenth century. The old title was, "'Twas within a furlong of Edinborough town." Although the "spiciness" of the first song is softened down in the modern ballad, there is enough left to give a flavour of recommendation to those who like highly-seasoned dishes. At the same time it must be said that, without being prurient, it is surprising to find innocent and modest people listening to in public, and often singing in private, a song which should be relegated to the dust-hole or the cabinets of the curious.

Besides the blunders made by editors and publishers to save themselves the trouble of independent

research, unearned fame has been gained in other ways. Errors have been perpetuated to prove a theory, as in the case of "God save the King." Downright and unblushing appropriations have been made, as in the case of "The old English Gentleman," which Henry Phillips found before it was lost. In like manner, did Moncrieff, the dramatist, claim the authorship of the "Lincolnshire Poachers" with its well-known refrain, "It's my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year." A comic singer who died a few years back actually published as his own the song called "Free and Easy," which was in print before the present century "had parted with its noughts." Since its birth, until the present day, it has been continually issued as a broadside ballad by Cattnach, Pitts, Batchelor, and others, who worked for the "flying stationers." To Davenport, the actor, was also assigned the authorship of a song, "Britannia the Pride of the Ocean," which he had only revived. Sam Cowell, another comic singer of the last generation, was reputed as the author of the ballads of "Lord Lovel" and "Lord Bateman," which he was wont to sing with astonishing effect. Every student of Old Ballad literature knows that his fame in this matter was unearned.

One of the most remarkable cases of unearned honour has yet to be told. Every one who is interested in songs or melodies, either knows or has heard of "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," which Robert Burns declared to be the most beautiful song of its kind in the English language. This affirmation does more credit to the heart than to the reasoning powers of the great Scottish poet. Many of his own poems are far more beautiful and more logically expressed. The words, as most people know, are by Bishop Percy, the tune as most people do not know is by Joseph Baildon. It is generally supposed to be the work of Thomas Carter. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1847, there is a letter from Baildon's grandson, in which he states that his grandfather altered the words which originally began, "O Betsy, wilt thou go with me," to the more suitable musical name of Nancy, and set them to music in 1774, while he was living at his house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He played the tune to his daughter, who copied it, and was wont to sing it with exquisite feeling "to one her son, during many happy years afterwards."

The rest of the story may be told in the words of the writer. "On the 7th of May, 1774, Baildon died at the age of forty-seven, leaving Charlotte, his daughter, sole heiress and executrix, who soon after made an auction sale of his house, library, and effects, and Carter became the purchaser at that sale, among other things, of this song, then in manuscript. The name Thomas Carter was promptly added, and that man published it as his own, thereby piratically assuming in his generation, and I may add for posterity, the no slight fame of the composition.

I do not think it impossible that Carter gave it the "Scottish dress." Miss Baildon in the same

year married Mr. Williams, and went abroad without having seen the publication, or having had a suitable opportunity of exposing the plagiarism.

She died in her eightieth year, but I, in her lifetime and at her request, communicated these facts to Sir George Smart, in a conversation I had the honour to hold with him at his house in Titchfield Street, about fourteen years ago. Through the medium of Sir George, this to some surprising fact, was made known at the Ancient Catch and Glee Club, whose rather aristocratic meetings are always enlivened by some of Baildon's compositions.

This statement has never been controverted, and the reputation earned by Carter as the composer of the song, stands as the most striking instance on record of "unearned fame."

W. A. BARRETT.

MR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S NEW OPERA.

It is called *The Pilgrims*, and the book has been prepared by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, who was not out of place when engaged upon a subject directly connected with his great namesake, Thomas, of that ilk. Observe that the title is not *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, although the pious wayfarers whom the opera introduces go to Canterbury. Such a designation would have suggested Chaucer's immortal company, whereas these are other, though full as gay, and quite as capable of filling the stage with rare old English figures.

The opera is in three acts. When the curtain rises we see the old Tabard Inn, Southwark, as it was in the fourteenth century, and not as we all remember it. A band of 'prentices, headed by Hubert, with his friends, Wat and Will, have come to sing a madrigal in honour of mine host's pretty daughter, Cicely, whose birthday it is, and whose heart Hubert has won. They chant, "Love he is a wanton boy," and wake Geoffrey, the maiden's father. Geoffrey takes a cudgel, and descends into the yard, being no friend to Hubert's suit. The 'prentices avoid him, mockingly continuing their madrigal; but when he follows them off the stage Hubert remains, and is joined by Cicely. The maiden is in sore trouble, for her father has resolved to send her, with the next band of pilgrims, to a dragon aunt in Kent. As she tells her lover this, Geoffrey returns, winded, but with breath enough to confirm it, and to call Hubert hard names. Then a pilgrim chorus is heard, Geoffrey pushes his daughter within, tells Hubert to go to the devil, and prepares to receive his guests. Hubert, however, remains seated at a table in the yard, and watches a somewhat rollicking band of pilgrims enter, to be received by the host and escorted to their chambers. After the jolly devotees come a certain Kentish knight, Sir Christopher of Synge, and a sturdy panderer, one Hal-o'-the Chepe. The knight, a senile Lothario, feels what he calls love for Cicely, and Hal has a scheme to put her into his power at Sidenbourne, on the road to Canterbury. He unfolds the plot to the amorous ancient, who hobbles chuckling into the inn. Hal remains. He needs

six strapping lads as helpers and wants one to make up the number. Why not engage the one at the table? Hubert shrewdly falls in with the scheme, but secretly resolves to foil it by means of his fellow 'prentices. Enters now the knight's wife, Dame Margery, her face concealed by a hood. She knows more than Sir Christopher suspects, and questions the landlord about his pretty daughter, who goes into Kent with the pilgrims, Dame Margery learns, but not without a guardian, if Dame Margery knows. She offers to take care of Cicely on the road; the offer is accepted, and, after some business which does not advance the story, the pilgrims set out for Canterbury. Among them are Sir Christopher, Hal, and his five knaves; Hubert and a band of 'prentices, disguised as pilgrims; Dame Margery and Cicely, and even old Geoffrey, who has a suspicion of something in the wind. So the Tabard is left behind, and we see it no more.

We are at Sidenbourne in the second act, near to the Traveller's Rest Inn. The Pilgrims arrive and are received by the villagers; Dame Margery and Cicely lodging at a house opposite the inn. Hubert, disguised as a friar, and Sir Christopher, armed with a ring and a sonnet, watch Cicely and her guardian enter. So does Hal, who after curfew, when the street is empty, comes to chalk the door of the maiden's lodging. He blunders, and marks a door near it, then going off to gather his knaves. Geoffrey just arrived, watches him unperceived; suspects mischief to Cicely, rubs out the mark, makes one on the right door, and thinking, good man, he has done a clever thing, retires into the inn. Now comes Hubert with a lute and serenades his dear, again bringing forth old Geoffrey, who seeks news of Cicely. The mock friar at once sends him to a different part of the village, and when he is safely away, Cicely appears. Soon upon the billing and cooing of the lovers, Dame Margery intrudes, thinking the gallant to be Sir Christopher, but on learning all the facts and her husband's faithlessness, she is easily persuaded to help the flight of the enamoured pair. But first the old lady must play a trick on her lord, and Hubert departs to propose a meeting between Sir Christopher and the girl, soon returning, bringing the knight with him blindfold. The venerable suitor is then fooled amain, all his presents and attentions being really thrust upon his wife, under the impression that she is Cicely, whose voice in fact he hears. When weary of the game, the three softly retire, leaving Sir Christopher addressing his love-plaints to empty space. Thus Hal and his knaves find their employer. They are about to force the chalked door, when a tumult is heard, and Geoffrey hurries in, a crowd with him, all in pursuit of a thief who the innkeeper declares has stolen his daughter. The people turn on Sir Christopher and threaten him, but Hal vows that the girl is in the house, and the knight protests that she is waiting for him. Presently the door opens, and not Cicely, but Dame Margery, appears, no longer disguised. The act ends with the humiliation of Sir Christopher in presence of a derisive mob.

The third act takes place in the great hall of Sir Christopher's mansion, where Cicely pleads with Dame Margery for Hubert, arrested for running away with her, and now being brought to the hall for examination before the justice, its master. The Dame promises to "pull him through," and is close at hand when Hubert appears in chains and guarded by rustics. The court is soon constituted, with the Knight on the bench, Hal as clerk, and Geoffrey as prosecutor and principal witness. A good deal of animated business follows, and the silly old Knight passes several sentences, each heavier than the other, till, at a crisis, Dame Margery enters, triumphantly producing Cicely as a witness to the actual facts. The Knight now takes a different view of the case altogether, and, covered with confusion, releases the prisoner. The end soon follows. Geoffrey is persuaded to accept Hubert as his daughter's lover, and that youth's fellow-'prentices, opportunely arriving, bring down the curtain with their madrigal. Although this act does not take long to describe, it must be understood that the business of the trial scene—too complicated for following here—occupies a considerable time.

Should Mr. Villiers Stanford provide music worthy of, and in harmony with, his fine old English subject, Mr. Carl Rosa's opera season will not pass without distinction.

J. B.

THE musical criticism of the United States is a fearful and wonderful thing. It is a curious medley of personality and poetry, of flippancy and "flights," and whether it has these qualities separately or in parts, or altogether, the result is generally unique and unapproachable. A new York critic has attended a concert and listened to symphonies by Hermann Goetz and Schumann, and to Beethoven's Concerto in E flat. His remarks upon these works would prove him one of the poet-philosophers. "Goetz's symphony," he says, "is a great outspoken musical composition of universal tendency; Schumann's is an intense poem of varied beauty, and the third (Beethoven's Concerto) is a characteristic composition of the highest intellectual imaginings." For breadth and length, this little piece of summing-up is a *chef d'œuvre*. We come now to the philosophy. "It taxed each composer to write these three (surely this is a little mixed), and should it not tax the hearer to listen to them?" No sooner, however, is this original proposition set up, than it is knocked down again. "But so attractive is the true music of these earthly spheres, that when rendered correctly (the reservation is good), it enchains all the cultivated and uncultivated and makes them obey its spiritual influence and power." Goetz, we are told, "aimed at the highest musical version of earthly thoughts, adapted these to a free classical form, and cast both in a very acceptable mould of melodious interpretation." Anent Schumann's work, the critic says that the manœuvre described as "the closing in of its last three movements upon each other, is a free and characteristic combination." Despite, however, his evident difficulty in expressing his thoughts, the writer is gifted with appreciation and reverence for greater men than himself—both of them qualities not often to be found among American pressmen, and therefore, when found, to be all the more highly valued.

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ALTO.—Thanks for your suggestion and the friendly
 interest it displays. The matter will be duly considered.



THE LUTE.

LONDON, TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1884.

AN edition of Schubert's entire works is to be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel. His symphonies are well-known, thanks to the excellent performances at the Crystal Palace and under the baton of Herr Richter. We would now direct particular attention to the pianoforte sonatas, a mine of musical wealth that should be dug deeply. In former years, Mr. Charles Hallé used to play the clever sonatas of Schubert in rotation at his spring Recitals; but of late he has been content to repeat, and only on occasions, the first in A minor, the tenth in A major, and the eleventh in B flat. All these are fine works, and we may also recommend the sonata in B major, by some called the "Military" sonata. The "Fantasia" sonata, in G, is a great favourite.

Mr. Hans von Bülow has played it, and, of course, Mr. Hallé, several times, but Madame Arabella Goddard made it known long before either. The scherzo, in B minor and major, is often, although improperly, used as a single piece.

The Messiah has not lost its popularity. As a wit once said of a certain poetaster's works, very ironically, "they will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten!" So with *The Messiah*, but conversely. The immortal oratorio, really a musical version of the Gospel, as much inspired, and quite as edifying in effect, has already been performed three times within the last few weeks—by the Royal Society of Musicians, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and (on Christmas Eve) by Mr. W. G. Cousins. On New Year's Day, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society invited the public to hear *The Messiah*. Those purists, by the way, who prate against the "additional accompaniments" of Mozart, should read a recently published account of Handel's originally thin score. But then Handel was an organist, and knew how to evolve broad harmonies of orchestral amplitude from the keyed instrument.

TALKING of Handel and his organ, let us once again warn the public against belief in that arch impostor of Edgware, the so-called "harmonious blacksmith," one Powell. The corpse of this enormous humbug was buried in the graveyard of Whitchurch, *alias* Little Stanmore (close to Edgware), and an inscription records the stupid legend. That Powell was a blacksmith matters nothing. He did not inspire the air in E major, which Handel really "adopted," and adapted with variations. It is an old French melody—a setting of stanzas by Marot. Handel happened to be organist to the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons Park, and Powell happened to keep a forge in the town of Edgware. This is all the foundation the story has. The organ of Handel may still be seen and heard at Whitchurch.

MISS SHIRREFF has at last gone to a "better place" than old England, the *ne plus ultra* of happiness according to Dr. Doran's sceptical bishop. Miss Shirreff's grand *début* was made in the part of Clara, the heroine of Balfe's opera, *The Siege of (La) Rochelle*, where, by the way, the "Siege" was disposed of, at the very last, by the explosion of a few squibs and crackers! Miss Shirreff first made her mark with the public as Oscar, the page, in Auber's (not "forgotten") *Gustave III.*, which, brought out by Mr. Bunn at Old Covent Garden theatre in December, 1833, ran on and off until Midsummer, 1834. Miss Shirreff sang an "Invitation to the Ball," and also, in the Masquerade Scene, a song of decision to baffle Ankarshoem and the Conspirators. Of this song, Verdi has supplied a pretty analogue for the *Ballo in Maschera*. Miss Shirreff's greatest achievement was in an opera entitled *Amalie*; or, *the Love Test*, composed by Mr. M. W. Rooke (the master of W. Harrison, the tenor), produced at old Covent Garden theatre, in February (or March), 1838. This opera had a good run, and then died a natural death. A pretty soprano song, "To the Vine feast," might still be used in the *salon* by amateurs desirous of preserving "treasures new and old."

A SOMEWHAT bold bid for popularity has been made at Covent Garden by the Royal English Opera Company—an organisation whose formation dates back some months, as provincial amateurs are well aware—and it remains to be proved whether there is a public ready to welcome operatic performances

AY 15, 1884.

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city. As a wit works, very n Homer and e Messiah, but really a musical ed, and quite en performed -by the Royal nomic Society, Cusins. On Hall Choral The Messiah. e against the ozzart, should andel's origi- s an organist, harmonies of trument.

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The REV. BARING GOULD writes:—"It's a great thing to have saved them. They are both interesting and characteristic."

"HEAR, O LORD," Anthem

(FOR SOPRANO SOLO & CHORUS)

Composed by
MICHAEL WATSON.

PSALM XXX. 11, 12, 13.

LONDON:
PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

Moderato.

Organ
Sw. 2 Diaps.
♩ = 88.

SOPRANO SOLO.

p Hear, . . . O Lord Hear, . . . O Lord !

And have mer - cy up - on me, .

CHORUS.

"LUTE" NO 13.

Soprano. *p* Hear, O Lord, ... hear, O Lord! ... *pp* And have

Alto. *p* Hear, O Lord, ... hear, O Lord! ... *pp* And have

Tenor. *p* Hear, O Lord, ... hear, O Lord! ... *pp* And have

Bass. *p* Hear, O Lord, ... hear, O Lord! ... *pp* And have

Organ.

SOPRANO SOLO.

mer - cy up - on me: Hear, O Lord,

mer - cy up - on me:

mer - cy up - on me:

mer - cy up - on me: add Principal.

Choir Dulciana.

hear, O Lord. and have mer - - - cy up - on me.

P. S. W. 924.

CHORUS.

"LUTE", NO. 13.

3

Hear, ... O Lord, Hear, ... O Lord, and have mer - -

Hear, ... O Lord, Hear, ... O Lord, and have mer - cy, have

Hear, ... O Lord, Hear, ... O Lord, and have mer - cy, have

Hear, ... O Lord, and have mer - - - cy, and have mer - cy up -

- cy up - on me. *mp*

mer - cy up - on me. Lord, be thou my

mer - cy up - on me.

- on ... up - on me.

Diaps. Gt.

mf

Hear O Lord

help - - - er, Lord, be thou my

mf

Hear O Lord, be thou my
help - - - er, Hear O Lord, be thou my
Lord, be thou my
Lord, be thou my

pp

help - - - er, be thou my help - - - er.
help - - - er, be thou my help - - - er.
help - - - er, be thou my help - - - er.
help - - - er, be thou my help - - - er.

p Sw. Diap. & ped.

rall:

P & W. 924.

Allegro Moderato.

Thou hast turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy; Thou hast
 Thou hast turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy; Thou hast
 Thou hast turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy; Thou hast
 Thou hast turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy; Thou hast

Allegro Moderato ♩ = 138.

f Full without Trumpet.

put off my sack - cloth, And girded me with glad - ness, Thou hast
 put off my sack - cloth, And girded me with glad - ness, Thou hast
 put off my sack - cloth, And girded me with glad - ness, Thou hast
 put off my sack - cloth, And girded me with glad - ness, Thou hast

turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy, ... Thou hast put off my
 turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy, ... Thou hast put off my
 turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy, ... Thou hast put off my
 turn - ed my hea - vi - ness in - - to joy, ... Thou hast put off my

mp
sack-cloth, And girded me with gladness. There - - - fore.... shall

mp
sack-cloth, And girded me with gladness. There - - - fore... shall

mp
sack-cloth, And girded me with gladness. There - - - fore.... shall

mp
sack-cloth, And girded me with gladness. There - - - fore... shall

cres.
ev'ry good man..... Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - -

cres.
ev'ry good man..... Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - -

cres.
ev'ry good man..... Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - -

cres.
ev'ry good man..... Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - -

mp
- ing, There - - - fore... shall ev'ry good man.....

mp
- ing, There - - - fore.. shall ev'ry good man.....

mp
- ing, There - - - fore... shall ev'ry good man.....

mp
- ing, There - - - fore.. shall ev'ry good man.....

P & W. 921.

shall
shall
shall
shall

Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - - - ing. O my God.....

Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - - - ing. I will give

Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - - - ing. I will give

Sing of thy praise with-out ceas - - - ing. I will give

add to Gt.

... O my God..... I will give..... thanks un - to

thanks, I will give thanks, I will give thanks un - to

thanks, I will give thanks, I will give thanks un - to

thanks, I will give thanks, I will give thanks un - to

... thee for e - ver, I will give thanks, I will give

... thee for e - ver, I will give thanks, I will give

... thee for e - ver, I will give thanks, I will give

... thee for e - ver, I will give thanks, I will give

add Trumpet.

thanks I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

thanks I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

thanks I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

thanks I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

I will give thanks un-to thee for e-ver,

Andante maestoso. *ff* I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*

ff I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*

ff I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*

ff I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*

ff I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*

ff *Andante maestoso* *ff* I will give thanks unto thee for e-ver. *rall.*



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22	Song of the Waves	F. C. Maker	52	Thy way, not mine, O Lord	do.
23	Star of Home	do.	53	The Message of the Flower	do.
24	The Skaters	do.	54	Peace, be still	do.
25	May-day Song	do.	55	Morning Hymn	do.
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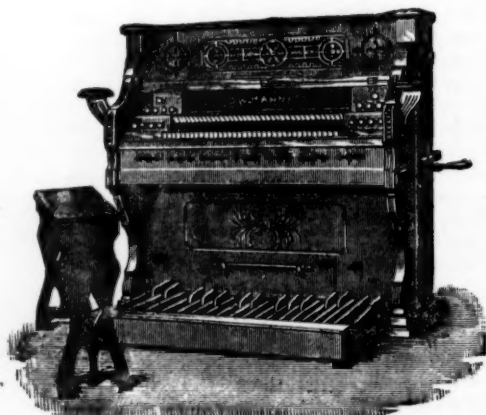
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in the vernacular in the pantomime and pudding season. There can be no good gained by continually harping upon that one string which gives out the false note of English opera being a misnomer. The charge might, with equal reason, be advanced against so-called Italian opera, which is nothing if not comprehensive in its scope, and, like the fisherman's trawl-net, taking whatever comes into its capacious maw. Unfortunately, there is no school of modern English opera other than the musical comedies of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and the works of Loder, Barnett, and Macfarren are neglected, if not wholly forgotten. Perhaps we might vote these flowers of a bygone age very scentless blossoms if they were presented to us now; but is not the experiment worth making? If, indeed, a thing of beauty be a joy for ever, then these melodies, which charmed our fathers and grandfathers, ought not to have lost their subtle influence even over the present race of restless unbelievers. At any rate, the establishment of companies for the performance of English opera ought to give a needed incentive to our younger composers to come forward, and, at all hazards, measure a lance against their German and French contemporaries, to whom would appear to belong almost the exclusive prerogative of furnishing the necessary pabulum for the metropolitan lyric stage. The enterprise of Mr. Carl Rosa has given us *Colomba* and *Esmeralda*, and will, no doubt, be provocative of other native-born works; at the same time it cannot be said that either Mr. A. C. Mackenzie or Mr. Arthur Goring Thomas have done much to resuscitate the *prestige* of the English school, Mr. Mackenzie beholding music through the medium of distinct German influence, and Mr. Thomas's style being as decidedly Gallic as his brother artist's is Teutonic. Maybe Mr. Julian Edwards's *Victorian*, one of the Royal English Opera Company's novelties, may do something for the cause of poor England. We shall see.

MEANWHILE the new operatic organisation possesses its *cheval de bataille* in a romantic work by Victor Nessler, the conductor of the Leipzig Stadt Theater, *Der Rattenfänger von Hameln*, or, as Mr. Henry Hersee calls it in the Anglicised version, *The Piper of Hamelin*. Without question there is a great deal in this effort which recommends Herr Nessler to the favourable consideration of English amateurs, who, till very lately were quite ignorant of the composer's existence. In the score of the *Rattenfänger* are to be encountered many evidences of graceful fancy, a pleasing method of expression, a nice feeling for harmony, not a small appreciation of humour, and considerable technical skill. Such qualifications cannot count for nothing, even if they fail to give their possessor the proudest attributes—that of genius or originality. But a man who can write as Herr Nessler writes may be safely adjudged capable of rendering a fair account of himself, no matter what the task upon which his energies are concentrated; and though the opera which followed *Des Rattenfänger von Hameln*—*Der Wilde Jäger*—has failed to make the mark achieved by its predecessor, an examination of the score would in all probability tend to the belief that its comparative failure was due to the nature of the book rather than to the shortcomings of the music. This, too, is strange in face of the incontestable fact that a clumsy libretto than that founded by Herr Friedrich Hofmann upon the old legend of "The Piper of Hamelin" it would be difficult to discover in a day's journey. When it is said that the scenic arrangements necessitate the lowering of the drop-scene ten times during the evening, it will

be rendered obvious that a lot of valuable time has been cut to waste, and that the laconic Covent Garden stall-ite who observed that "there was a good deal of curtain in the new opera," wisely appreciated its most salient characteristic. If it had been the librettist's design to rob the story of all its mysterious glamour and interest, he could hardly have succeeded better.

NOBODY knows who the piper is, or whether he represents evil or good; whether we are expected to sympathise with him, or execrate him for a monster. This can hardly be called conducive to thorough satisfaction. Next, the inquiring mind wishes to know why the piper pipes so little, and sings such an interminable number of songs to a mandoline accompaniment. Furthermore, the inquisitive searcher for information would like to have explained to him whether it was the fashion of itinerant minstrels in the thirteenth century to travel with a full wardrobe, and, if it were not, how Hunold Singuf becomes possessed of the gorgeous silken attire in which he appears during the fourth act. And lastly, we all, with one accord, ask how Herr Hofmann came to give much of the business of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* over again, merely altering the names of the original characters. There is a good deal more to be found in the pages of "The Piper of Hamelin" than the mere retributive act by which the piper, despoiled by a lot of grasping citizens of the reward agreed upon for ridding the city from the pest of rats, decoyed away all the children (to the number of one hundred and thirty, says the old tradition). The revised edition shows us that his magic influence lay as much in his singing as in his playing; shows us that he is capable of feeling—or, let us say, of avowing—human passions; shows us that he is so sorry a braggart as to make a bet with a couple of tipsy revellers that he will obtain a kiss from the burgo-master's daughter. We altogether fail to perceive that this character is the kind of stuff of which heroes are fashioned. But the whole thing is incomprehensible, and, therefore, unappealing to the intellectual appetite; it simply gives rise to a wholesale regret that the success which would have attended a happier handling of the subject is lost through the awkwardness of an unskilled playwright. Notwithstanding all shortcomings, however, we are glad to have made acquaintance with *The Piper of Hamelin* because the music is thoroughly legitimate in style; and the general favour with which the work has been received in all the musical towns of Germany, testifies to the existence of a wave of true artistic taste, following the stormy billow of inartistic exaggeration.

THE Royal English Opera Company contains some tried artists. Mdme. Rose Hersee, Mdme. Julia Gaylord, Mdme. Blanche Cole, Miss Lucy Franklin, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. Charles Lyall, Mr. F. C. Packard, and Mr. J. W. Turner have all won their spurs; while Messrs. James Sauvage, Albert McGuckin, and Arthur Rousby are three very highly promising young baritones. Mr. Sauvage should learn to speak, or rather sing, English; the art of acting will come to him in time; the vocal power and ability he possesses already. In the trying part of *The Piper of Hamelin* Mr. Sauvage showed something considerably above mediocrity, and his endeavours were exceedingly popular. Mdme. Rose Hersee brought gifts peculiarly her own to the assumption of the confiding and neglected *Gertrude* (the new *Senta*), and Mr. Arthur Rousby was earnest and vigorous as *Wulf*, her

discarded lover (the modern *Eric*). Of the remaining characters in the new opera, a word of praise must be given to Miss Helen Armstrong for her able singing as the old dame *Dorothea*, and to Messrs. Muller and Charles Lyall for admirable sketches of two jolly toppers. Mr. Lyall, in all his varied repertoire, includes nothing riper, racier, or richer than his *Ethelrus*—a small part which the genius of the actor elevates to the position of a second *Beckmesser*. In the opening week *Maritana*, *Faust*, and *Il Trovatore* were included. The orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus, and conducted by Mr. Gilbert H. Betjemann, left little to be desired, and the chorus, as a whole, was satisfactory. Whether the company will prove strong enough to fill Covent Garden, in a double sense, remains yet to be proved.

THE pangs of the unacted have oftentimes supplied a pregnant theme for disappointed playwrights, and many is the moral homily based upon this substratum. To an ordinary observer, the agonies of the unheard must be equally poignant with the other suffering, so it must prove a source of pretty nigh unqualified gratification to musicians to know that they possess a chance denied to their dramatic brethren. They, the composers, have a society to take them under its fostering wing, to nerve them for their first flights, and prepare them to mount up to the sun. The Musical Artists' Society does all this for its members; but as Grove's Dictionary is obstinately silent on the point of the Institution of this august and beneficent Society (which perhaps came into existence after the publication of the Dictionary), and as we have not a prospectus at hand, we must be reticent with respect to the demands which the Association makes in return. Every composer is interested in the success of the undertaking, and the members are many. Mutual admiration, if nothing beyond, should maintain this interest unchecked, and lead to notable achievements, until at last the Society's doings are talked of as matters of national importance, and the country awaits, in breathless suspense, the result of the labour of this musical mountain.

At the thirtieth public performance of new compositions, the programme included a stringed quartet by F. Adler; a scena for soprano by George Gear; a Sonata *Piacevole* for flute and pianoforte by C. E. Stephens; a couple of songs by W. J. Bailey; and a short sacred cantata, by J. Parry Cole, set to the text of the 137th Psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon." It is only just to admit that a very fair amount of talent was displayed in all these works—notably in Mr. C. E. Stephens' graceful and melodious Sonata *Piacevole*, and Mr. Parry Coles' cantata. The latter composition is evidently the production of a musician of sound scholarly attainments, who, even in these days of heresy, is not ashamed to avow his predilection for the Mendelssohnian school. The score includes effective solos for tenor and soprano, besides an extremely well-written double-quartet; the music, without being intensely emotional, ably reflects the spirit of the text, and, on the whole, the cantata merits being brought before the public in a more prominent manner. Doubtless Mr. Cole has more works of the same sort in his portfolio; if so, he should not withhold them from the public.

THE Baddeley bequest at Drury Lane on Twelfth Night assumed this year proportions far greater than ever could have entered the mind of the eccentric testator—who, it will be remembered left, in 1794, the

sum of one hundred pounds three per cent. Bank Annuities, the interest to be applied to the purchase of a cake, wine and punch, wherewith the Drury Lane Company should be regaled on each successive Twelfth Night. Of late years, even the simplest compliance with the wishes of the old actor would have implied an expenditure far in excess of the amount available for the purpose, and the managers have supplied the necessary means from their own private purse. Mr. Augustus Harris, however, decided that 1884 should witness a new departure in the "cutting of the Baddeley Cake," and to that end invited all the employes of the theatre (over a thousand in number), and some two hundred guests, professional and amateur, to witness the ceremony, which took place on the stage. The members of the company—ballet-girls, supers, &c., were accommodated with seats in the auditorium on a rising scale, according to their position in the theatre; the curtain was raised, Mr. Oscar Barrett's orchestra discoursed excellent music, and after Mr. James Fernandez had disrupted the mass of confectionery, the banquet—a stage banquet, but a real one at the same time—proceeded. What a drop in the ocean Baddeley's £3 must have been amongst twelve hundred guests!

As already Handel worshippers are speaking of a commemorative festival, on the occasion of a second centenary of the master's death, at which it is proposed to perform one or more of his oratorios with the original instrumentation, it may be as well to point out at once the undesirability of realizing this idea, except as a curiosity and on a small scale. To increase Handel's instruments without adding to them in kind, would be simply to secure poverty of effect on a grand scale. Meanwhile it may be worth mentioning that the orchestration of Handel's works, as given hitherto at the Crystal Palace Festival, is due, as regards the last touches, to Sir Michael Costa, who has a brain to conceive as well as a hand to direct. In the case of the *Messiah*, Sir Michael had, of course, Mozart's additional instrumentation to work upon; and he may be said, in his general treatment of Handel, to have followed implicitly Mozart's method. He added, that is to say, new parts for instruments which were not known in Handel's time, and also for instruments which, though known to Handel, were not included in his band. It has been well said that to abstain from re-instrumenting Handel on the plea of veneration for the composer would be as absurd as to refuse to play his organ concertos on a modern organ, or his pieces for the harpsichord on a modern piano. Like other composers Handel used in his orchestra whatever instruments he could turn to account. Although he made so little use of the "brass" he was considered by the critics of his time a great lover of orchestral noise: an accusation which has been brought against almost every composer who has introduced new and sonorous instruments into his band; including in particular Mozart among the Germans and Rossini among the Italians. The caricaturists of Handel's time represented him as playing several trumpets and beating several drums at the same time. He was content, however, to use the ordinary kettle drums of his period: and he is known to have been in the habit of borrowing for special occasions the "Tower drums," which used to be lent to him by the Master-General of the Ordnance, and which are still said to be preserved in the Ordnance Stores at Woolwich. They were trophies of war taken by the Duke of Marlborough at Malplaquet, and possessed therefore an interest

of their own. Their dimensions, however, and their sonority are greatly exceeded by the drums constructed for the Handel Festival: drums which the caricaturists of a century and a-half ago would have regarded as thoroughly Handelian.

So much has been said by our daily and weekly contemporaries regarding the new Gilbert-Sullivan comic opera, produced at the Savoy Theatre on the 5th inst., that descriptive remarks here would run the risk of being voted superfluous. Even criticism is uncalled for in view of the substantial agreement which exists as to the merit of the work. We cordially endorse the opinion of those who say that the libretto, if not as droll as some of its predecessors, is characteristically humorous; that Sir A. Sullivan's music is, from first to last, charming; that *Princess Ida* is put upon the stage sumptuously, is well performed and deserves a long run. Let us add a word of sincere regret for the illness which seized the composer on the very night of his success, and another of rejoicing that the parallel between his case and that of Mr. F. Clay was not closer than it proved to be. Sir Arthur Sullivan is the object of universal sympathy and good wishes for a speedy recovery.

M. PASDELOUP, whose name is as a household word among French musicians, has been pursuing his good work this winter in Paris. His Concerts Populaires take place every Sunday afternoon in the Cirque d'Hiver, a large building some few hundred yards eastward of the Place de la République, and which in the evenings is given over to horses, sawdust and Red Indians. It makes a pleasant concert-room enough—a species of miniature Albert Hall—were it not for an all-pervading smell of “stables” and the economy of space which prevails in Parisian houses of entertainment. The attendance is always large and the audience is composed of the most agreeable class of French people, the *boulevardier* being pleasantly conspicuous by his absence. The orchestra is, needless to say, excellent in every respect, and as for the work done, there are many conductors who might with advantage take M. Pasdeloup's programmes as a model. Every style and form seems to be represented, and the names of Beethoven and of the rising young genius from the Conservatoire figure therein side by side. M. Pasdeloup is a real benefactor to unknown composers, for he does not consider fame and popularity the first essentials of musical writing. A leading feature of the present season has been the performance at each concert of one of Mozart's twenty-six pianoforte concertos, the majority of them being, as M. Pasdeloup says in his prospectus, comparatively unknown.

MIERCZWSKI, the Polish “robust” tenor, whose magnificent voice would certainly place him in the front rank of his profession, were not his method of producing it so defective, began life as a civil engineer after completing his school and university studies; but his inborn passion for music prompted him to study the violin far more assiduously than the profession for which he had been specially educated, and he succeeded in achieving a high degree of proficiency upon the instrument of his choice. It was not until some considerable time after he had become an accomplished violinist that his musical friends made the discovery that Nature had gifted him with a voice of extraordinary power and compass, and urged him to cultivate it. His shortcomings in the matter of vocalisation are, of course, attributable to the circumstance that his

training as a singer commenced at an age at which it ought to have been completed: but the sound musical knowledge he acquired whilst learning the violin, on the other hand, has proved an advantage possessed by few of his fellow tenors. An amusing illustration of this fact occurred not long ago in a celebrated continental opera-house, at which Mierczwinski was fulfilling a “starring” engagement. It is an open secret that the instrumentalists of operatic orchestras do not, as a rule, entertain the highest opinion of the “musicality” of *primi tenori*. Mierczwinski was at rehearsal one day, and had just taken up his cue, when it became painfully apparent that soloist and orchestra were not absolutely in one and the same key. Looking downwards, he caught the eye of the *chef d'attaque* fixed upon him with an angry glare, whereupon he addressed the polite request to the indignant leader, “Would you be so very kind as to play the accompaniment a semitone higher?” “No, I can't do that,” replied the latter, somewhat scornfully. “And pray why not?” rejoined Mierczwinski. “Because the passage must be played as it is written,” was the stern reply. “Not necessarily,” quietly observed the singer. “I studied it in a higher key, for instance. Oblige me with your fiddle for a minute.” “What do you know about fiddles?” growled the leader; handing him the instrument, however, which Mierczwinski straightway put to his shoulder, and played the violin part under discussion, a semitone higher, with masterly ease and finish, eliciting a murmur of approbation from the whole *personnel*, save one, of the orchestra. As he returned the violin to its owner, the latter shrugged his shoulders and muttered, “How was I to know that you were an artist?” “My dear sir,” rejoined Mierczwinski, with a smile, “allow me to observe that we poor tenors are sometimes artists as well as singers.” *Dixit, et liberavit animam.*

DISTINCT symptoms of possible greatness to come in one or another department of musical art have been displayed at different times by a youthful Cossack named Basil Solnyschchine, who turned up the other day in Petersburg, ragged, footsore, and penniless, having performed a pilgrimage of some 1,500 miles *per pedes*, with the settled resolve to obtain admission to the Imperial Conservatoire in that city as a student, or to perish in the attempt. The lad's native town is Vladikavkas, in the Caucasus, where he has enjoyed local notoriety for his musical gifts for some years past, having—in his capacity as a violin player—given public concerts when only six years old, and performed phenomenal feats upon several instruments. A yearning for instruction of a higher class than that available to him in his birthplace, and the ambition to earn for himself a place in the European firmament of executant “stars” prompted this talented boy, at the age of thirteen, to quit surreptitiously the house of his father (a professional flute player) at Vladikavkas, and make for the Russian capital—where, some tourists in Circassia had told him, the finest musical school in the world was open to all qualified applicants for its benefits—as best he might. For the most part he stuck to the railway line, sometimes obtaining a night's shelter in the huts of the men employed to look after the permanent way, sometimes sleeping *sub fovea frigida*. Now and then a kindly railway guard, taking pity upon his forlorn appearance, would give him a lift in a cattle-truck for a score or so of versts, but he performed by far the greater part of the journey, as far as Moscow, on Shanks's mare. From Moscow to Petersburg he walked,

following the *chaussée*, or carriage-road, in twenty-seven days. In Petersburg he found a temporary refuge in the cattle-market; but his enquiries for the Conservatoire were misunderstood, and a good-natured drover took him to the Consistory, in the Palace of the Senate. There he drifted into Mitropoloff's library, the proprietor of which, touched to the heart by young Basil's tale of fatigues and privations, recommended him to the Chief Procurator of the Consistory, Pobedonoscheff, who at once took the heroic, but utterly broken-down boy under his protection. The poor little fellow was attacked by typhoid fever shortly after this piece of good luck befel him, and was admitted to the Palace Infirmary, where he was lying in a dangerous state a few days ago. It is to be hoped that the wearied frame enshrining so gallant a spirit will not succumb to disease at the very threshold, so to speak, of possible fame, and that Basil Solnyschkin will be mercifully spared to obtain "his heart's desire."

JACQUES OFFENBACH was possessed by several "ruling passions"—a circumstance which accounted for the melancholy fact that he died well-nigh a pauper, although probably no composer, living or dead, ever earned so much money by his works as did the gifted and versatile Cologne violoncellist. One of his most ruinous proclivities was gambling. At all games of chance he was curiously unlucky; at those of skill he distinguished himself by an unequalled incapacity for mastering their elementary rules. In fact he played so badly at whist, picquet and *écarté* that many of his friends and acquaintances, ashamed of always winning his money, eventually refused to encounter him at cards, and "Figaro" Villemessant one day, after a long bout of *écarté*, during which Offenbach had not won a single game, said to him, "Go home, my friend, and learn the rules of the game; I forbid you to play any more—at least, with me—until you shall know something about it." Amongst the anecdotes of his ill-luck that have come to light since his death, is one especially illustrative of the fascination exercised upon him by the "devil's books." In the days of the Second Empire, Offenbach was upon one occasion honoured by an Imperial "command" to arrange a performance of his *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Italiens, as the Emperor and Empress particularly wanted to hear it, and were precluded by Court etiquette from visiting the Bouffes, where it was enjoying a tremendous "run." Owing to their Majesties' presence at the representation, the house was crammed with that class of audience familiarly known as "tout Paris," and the receipts amounted to 18,000 francs, or £720. Offenbach was in the seventh heaven; he conducted the orchestra in person during the first act, at the close of which he hurried off to the room of his friend the manager, to have a chat and smoke a cigarette during the "wait." This gentleman, it should be observed, was just as inveterate a card-player as Offenbach himself. "Well, my dear maestro," he exclaimed, as the latter entered, "how are you pleased?" "Beyond measure," was the reply. "So I thought," rejoined the manager; "but, after all, 18,000 francs is not so very much money. Double the amount is about what you want, I fancy." "Of course it would suit me a great deal better." "Very well, then, just sit down, I have a proposal to make to you. Supposing we play a match at *écarté* for to-night's receipts. If you win, I pay you 36,000 francs; if I win, you pay me nothing, and I draw the proceeds of the performance instead of 'you.' With such an offer Offenbach was only too certain to close. He at

once sent word to his *sous-chef d'orchestre* to take his place at the conductor's desk, and sat down at his friend's card-table to play a "grand sett" of twenty-one games. Fortune so far favoured him with irresistible hands that, despite his atrocious play, he won ten of twenty, and was "four all" with his adversary in the twenty-first, when midnight struck, the curtain fell at the close of the operetta, and—the manager, having the deal, turned up the king, that won the match, and sent Jacques Offenbach home with empty pockets.

It may not be generally known that Madame Judic, the "bright particular star" of the Varieties, whose recent European tour has been justly described as a "triumphal progress," commenced her brilliant artistic career at the Eldorado *café chantant* in Paris, when a mere slip of a girl of exceptionally delicate and even fragile appearance. At that time a great deal of good music, free from the vulgarity and indecency that characterise *café-chantant* entertainments of the present day, was performed at the Eldorado and one or two kindred establishments in the French capital; and some of the more important *morceaux*, in which several persons sang and acted, teemed with lyrics of no inconsiderable merit. It was in these that Judic first earned public approbation, and attained her rapid advancement to the rank of a first-class popular favourite. Perhaps the most conspicuous of her early successes was achieved in a *bluette* of this class called "Le Grand-père de la Chanson," the composer of which, having in mind her sympathetic voice, large dreamy eyes, and pallid complexion and refined features, wrote the leading part expressly for her, although she was then a comparatively humble member of the Eldorado company, drawing a salary of sixty francs a week. She personified song itself—"La Chanson"—and "came on" looking wasted, worn and broken-hearted, dressed in pitiable rags; the supposition being that she had been induced to leave her home by an unprincipled lover, who had forsaken her in "foreign parts," and that she had contrived, after many footsore wanderings, during which she had earned a wretched pittance by singing in the streets, to reach her native village. There, at the door of the cottage in which she had passed her childhood, she encountered her venerable grandfather, a white-haired patriarch of benevolent aspect, carefully copied in his "make-up" from the immortal *chansonnier* Béranger, a figure no less dear than familiar to every true born Parisian of twenty years ago. The "grand-papa de la chanson" instantly recognised, in the tattered street-singer, his long-lost, deeply-degraded grandchild—"La Chanson" in the least elevated sense of the term—and, after tenderly embracing her, began to recall to her memory the happy days of her sweet youthful innocence, when her gift of song had been the joy and pride of all her kinsfolk. As he, sadly but affectionately, reproached her with having heartlessly abandoned her family and misused the talents bestowed upon her by nature, her better self seemed to revive in her breast, and presently her sorrowful repentance made itself manifest in an outburst of bitter tears. At that moment her sordid rags were transformed into a plain but becoming garb—the orchestra struck up a simple, well-known strain—and, regenerated morally and physically by the good old man's blessing, bestowed upon her with grand-paternal unction, she rose to her feet and sang one of the inimitable Béranger songs with a fervour, intelligence, and purity of intonation that have certainly never been surpassed

by any contemporary vocalist. It was with this remarkable impersonation of "La Chanson" that Judic laid the foundation-stone of the fame and fortune she so legitimately enjoys at the present day.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

BRIDGEND.—On the last day of the old year, an Eisteddfod was held at Tondy, near Bridgend, South Wales, under the presidency of the Rev. R. Johns. A large number of contests took place, but the greatest interest was centred in the choral competition by choirs of 50 voices for a prize of £10 with £1 added for the conductor.—"Then round about the Starry Throne." The Tondy (Mr. J. H. Lewis, leader) and the Bridgend choirs (Mr. John Jenkins) sang, and the adjudicator, Mr. G. Jones, of Merthyr, awarded the prize to the Bridgend vocalists.

CARDIFF.—Under the auspices of the Cardiff Musical Association a Concert was given on the 19th December at the Queen's Chambers' Hall. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* were performed, with the assistance of Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Evans-Warwick, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Signor Villa, while the chorus of the Association was augmented by members of Gloucester, Hereford, Bristol, and Llandaff Cathedral choirs. The conductor was Mr. Walter Scott, organist of St. Margaret's, Cardiff; Mr. S. G. Fifoot presided at the organ; and the leader of the orchestra was Mr. J. T. Carrodus. Of the performance we may say it was highly creditable. The special vocalists, of course, took the leading airs and duets, and Mr. Carrodus played the first movement of Beethoven's concerto in D. The celebrated violinist was rapturously applauded. The Concert gave great satisfaction, and may be regarded as promising still better results in the future.

GLASGOW.—So far the concerts of the Glasgow Choral Union have been both a financial and a musical success. The first choral one took place on 12th ult., when our premier musical organisation gave, and in a highly satisfactory style, *Acis and Galatea*, and *The First Walpurgis Night*. The solos were sung by Miss Mary Davies, Messrs. Joseph Maas, Chille, and Bridson, and Mr. August Manns was, of course, the conductor. At the following Saturday Concert Mr. C. Villiers Stanford occupied that position to enable Mr. Manns to fulfil an engagement at Sydenham. On this occasion Madame Montigny-Remaury made her *début* before a Glasgow audience, the popular French pianist winning an easy triumph here, as elsewhere, in Beethoven's third concerto. A couple of selections from Mr. Stanford's own compositions worthily found place in the evening's programme. These were the skilfully scored Scherzo from his second symphony in D minor, and the garden scene from *The Veiled Prophet*. The last-named included Fatima's beautiful air, "There's a bower of roses," sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot in her well known cultured style. Other items in a well devised programme included a fine performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and three excerpts from Dr. Hubert H. Parry's incidental music written for the recent revival at Cambridge of *The Birds of Aristophanes*. At the third Concert of the subscription series the lady artists just referred to again appeared. Madame Montigny-Remaury on this occasion took part in Beethoven's first concerto. Mr. Stanford

conducted his Birmingham "Serenade"—a work which was well received, if not with the same measure of enthusiasm as greeted its advent in the south—and the other items in the programme were under the charge of Mr. Manns. These comprised Sterndale Bennett's ever-welcome symphony in G minor—the one written for the Philharmonic Society—and the overture to *Euryanthe*. The succeeding Saturday "Pop" brought with it a light and holiday-coloured programme. The Christmas week's Concert was remarkable for, oddly enough, the introduction of the *Eroica* symphony. There were many who thought that such a "heavy" work might well enough have been assigned to some other programme in connection with the series. There, however, the colossal composition was, and the performance was an unusually fine one. Three numbers from the delightful ballet music pertaining to Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* gave the audience the liveliest satisfaction, nor were they less gratified by the excellent playing of the band in Mendelssohn's violin concerto. The soloist was Signor Papini, who, on this his first acquaintance with a Glasgow audience, created a favourable impression. The novelty of the evening was Mozart's "Symphony Concertante in E flat," for solo violin, solo viola, and orchestra. It was followed with much interest, alike for its own merits and by reason of the fine performance which the delightful composition secured. The soloists, Messrs. Buziau and Hermann Ritter, were eminently successful. At the New Year's Day Concert the annual performance of the *Messiah* took place. The Choral Union have, before now, been heard to better advantage in Handel's work, still not a few of the choruses were sung with excellent effect. Madame Patey again impressed the large audience by her unsurpassable rendering of the contralto airs; Miss Clara Samuelli won much favour; so, also, Messrs. Barton McGuckin, and Fred King.

A novelty of some consequence was forthcoming on the evening of the last Sunday of the year of grace 1883. This was nothing more nor less than a "Concert of sacred and classical music." It took place in the Victoria Hall, West Regent Street, and in presence of a crowded audience. The orchestra consisted of forty instrumentalists who, under the baton of Herr Franz Groenings, played during the evening the overture to the *Messiah*, the romance from Mozart's "Night Music," and movements from the following symphonies, viz., Mendelssohn's "Italian," Haydn's No. 4 and Beethoven's No. 2. Each and all were listened to with feelings of much interest, and Mdle. Elly Warnots sang "Rejoice greatly," to the manifest satisfaction of her audience. Another "Sunday Concert" is announced for next month. Meanwhile, however, a "Sabbath Protection Association" has been hunting up an old statute of the days of Charles II, and those in charge of the matter are sanguine that they will be able to put down the new feature in the syllabus of the "Glasgow Sunday Society."

The inauguration of the organ in the Stirling New Public Hall, took place on "Hogmanay Night." There was a large audience, and the fine instrument—a "Willis"—built to the specification of Dr. A. L. Peace and Mr. C. E. Allison, has given entire satisfaction. The organ consists of forty-nine stops and 2,504 pipes. Dr. Peace gave the opening recital.

GLOUCESTER.—The first Concert of the Choral Society's season was given in the Shire Hall on December 18, and all who love music must have been gratified at the success with which it was attended. The orchestra, though extended to its fullest dimensions, was closely packed by

nearly 250 vocalists, and between 40 and 50 instrumentalists. The chief work selected was Mr. John Francis Barnett's cantata *The Building of the Ship*, and the Society was favoured by the presence of the composer, who came from London specially to conduct his work. As principal singers the honorary conductor had engaged Mrs. Hutchinson; Miss Clara Wollaston, of Gloucester; Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Montagu Worlock, of Bristol. As a whole, the performance was most creditable, and the composer and the musicians were heartily and deservedly applauded. Mr. Barnett expressed himself much gratified with the accurate and spirited singing of the chorus.

ILFRACOMBE.—*Elijah* was successfully performed here recently by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Willis.

MANCHESTER.—Six performances of the *Messiah* have been given here lately, all attended by immense audiences, so that there are no signs of Handel's work becoming less popular than it has been for many years past.

Mr. Hallé, on December 13th, introduced Mr. William J. Winch, a well-known American tenor. He delights his audience by his very artistic singing. His voice is neither powerful nor particularly sweet, but the spirit and finish with which he sang told thoroughly well. Another interesting feature has been the performance of the overture and incidental music to *Egmont*, by Beethoven. The music was beautifully rendered, but the recitations which connect the various pieces were not so successful. On January the 3rd, M. Vladimir de Pachmann fairly entranced his audience by his playing of Chopin's concerto in F minor and other pieces. The many praises he has received in London have certainly been deserved. His playing is really pianoforte playing, and not the hitting and stamping which is so common with many. A new concerto by Hans Huber was performed the other night by Mr. Hallé. While containing much that is good, there are many reminders of things we have heard before.

M. de Jong's Concerts have maintained their popularity. On January 6th, Miss Fanny Bristowe, a lady well-known here, made her first appearance at these concerts. Unfortunately she was indisposed, and so could not display her abilities to the greatest advantage. Nevertheless, she made a highly favourable impression. The Gentlemen's Concerts have taken quite a fresh lease and a new spirit has entered into the management. On December 26th, Raff's grand symphony in C major and Mackenzie's second Scotch rhapsody were both given for the first time in Manchester. It has seldom been the practice for new works to be introduced at these Concerts, and the performance of two pieces fresh to Manchester is all the more singular. The directors, in addition to the usual evening Concerts, also announce six afternoon Recitals by Mr. Charles Hallé, so that variety is clearly to be one of the elements under the new régime.

SWANSEA.—David Lewis, a new Welsh tenor of great promise (his bardic appellation is Eos Dyfed), is announced to sing at the Albert Hall on the 1st of March next. It appears that he is one of those singers who rise from obscurity through the appreciation and assistance of wealthy persons. His natural aptitude was first demonstrated in 1880 at a small concert held at Ystelyfera, near Swansea. He was then a shoemaker by trade. A Miss Duncan was struck with the beauty of his voice, and offered him facilities for extending his *répertoire*. She also assisted him to cultivate his vocal talents, and taught him some Italian songs. Sir Walter and Lady Hughes, happening to come into the neighbourhood, were

also surprised at his vocal abilities. To their credit, let it be noted that they still further promoted the work of Miss Duncan (now Mrs. Cloud), and assisted him to enter the Royal Academy. Madame Patti also had the talents of the singer brought under her notice when she was residing at Craig-y-Nos, and she contributed ten pounds towards the expense of establishing him at the Academy. Lewis became a frequent visitor at the residence of Lady Hughes, in Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park, and her ladyship organised a private concert in her drawing-room for his benefit. But this was interfered with by the news of the death of her ladyship's sister, the wife of Sir James Ferguson, Governor of Bombay. Lewis, however, was continually assisted by Sir Walter and Lady Hughes, and, thanks to the training which he has received, he has acquitted himself in a satisfactory manner at a number of concerts in London. The new tenor is still making progress in his art, and will, we trust, prove one more signal instance of the "native worth" of Welsh vocalists.

TOOTING.—An excellent performance of Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, followed by a miscellaneous selection of part songs, ballads, &c., was given in the Vestry Hall, on Tuesday evening, December 18th. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara West, Miss Rose Dafforne, R.A.M., Miss Lottie West, Mr. C. J. Murton and Mr. H. Prenton. The chorus consisted of about sixty voices, conducted by Mr. James Matthews; accompanist, Mr. John E. West. There was a good attendance, and everything passed off admirably.

TRURO.—The programme of the Philharmonic Society's winter Concert, given on the 18th ult., in the Concert Hall, was made up as follows: Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Prout's organ concerto in E minor, the scena, "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*, two movements from a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, by Reissiger, a song by Pinsuti, entitled "Liberty Hall," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and a march by W. Claxton, a Tenbury organist. The chief vocalists were Miss Emmeline Tuck, a young artist residing at Truro, who has had excellent training in Italy and elsewhere; Mr. N. B. Bullen, a local amateur tenor; and Mr. T. Brandon, of Gloucester. There was a chorus of sixty and a band of twenty. Mrs. R. H. Carter (Truro), Mr. Michael Rice (Torquay), and Mr. J. H. Nunn, M.R.A.M. (Penzance), played the Reissiger selection; Mr. G. R. Sinclair, cathedral organist, conducted and took the solo in Prout's concerto, which work was performed under the bâton of Mr. H. Edmond Holt.

ONE of the most prominent and useful members of Parisian musical circles is just dead. His name was David, and he was for forty years the leader of the claque at the Grand Opéra. He was further distinguished by being born on the very day of the execution of Marie Antionette.

CHICAGO advertisers have a truly ingenious method of "gilding the pill." A brochure of some sixteen pages, daintily got up and illustrated, and treating of the lives and talents of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Terry, is being published in the mushroom city. Right in the middle of a glowing eulogy of the English actor, we read "While on the subject, it might be well to say a few words concerning the 'great Burlington Route' which Mr. Irving has wisely selected for his far Western tour," etc. Our own quack advertisements may hide their diminished heads before such a masterpiece.

POEMS FROM MUSIC.—IV.

FOREST SCENES:

ENTRANCE.

(SCHUMANN'S *Waldscenen*: *Eintritt*.)

The woodland ways are still,
There is quiet under the sky;
Afar off beyond the hill

The feet of day are nigh:

O gracious silence, linger; night, haste thee not to fly!

My soul was drawn by a spell,
The spell of the woodland ways,
Across meadow and field and fell
To the haunt of the forest-fays.

Dear fairies, ye are night's: this hour is night's and day's.

I would that the noisy day
Might never arise and come,
That the hills might still be gray,
That the valley might yet be dumb,
That night and the stillness of night in the forest might
find a home.

For the silence throbs with speech,
The twilight thrills with wonder;
And the trees lean each to each,
Whisper, and part asunder,
And deeper the speech of their spirit is than the terrible
speech of thunder.

But the coming day draws nigher,
And the flash of the silver feet
Lightens the hills with fire;
And the woods are a-tremble to greet
Day: tho' the night is strange, surely the day is sweet?

I too of the joy of earth
Drink, and the chalice o'erflows.
The mighty Mother in mirth
Wakens; a blithe breeze blows:
As a lyre by a great hand swept, the whole wood thrills
as it goes.

It is day, and the night is over
And the dreams of it overpast.
Let the white Moon weep for her lover,
Let her weep, as his feet fleet fast.
It is day for us! Night,—forget it, forsake it: day at last!

ARTHUR W. SYMONS.

REVIEWS.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE AND RIVINGTON.

Voice, Song and Speech. A Practical Guide for Singers and Speakers, from the combined view of Vocal Surgeon and Voice Trainer. By Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S., Ed., and Emil Behnke.

THIS handsome book is a most important contribution to the literature of its subject, and will be so regarded even by those who dispute its conclusions and reject its counsels. The two authors carry weight. Of Mr. Lennox Browne we need not speak, since his repute must be known to all our readers; while of Mr. Behnke it suffices to say that, though a man with a theory, he has given abundant evidence of not having constructed a theory first and then arranged his facts to suit it. A considerable part of the

contents of the volume before us belong to the domain of the specialist. There we shall leave it, since the opinion of a "layman" whether *pro* or *con* would deservedly have no weight. Our object here is to bring the book under the notice of such readers as are interested in singing and singers, with a view to better and wider knowledge respecting the most beautiful of all musical instruments. The physiological chapters are, of course, the work of Mr. Lennox Browne, who treats, in simple language, of the vocal apparatus as regards both its anatomy and hygiene. He also discusses with the same clearness the daily life and the ailments of the "voice user." The vocal student, therefore, learns the nature of the machine upon which his success depends, how to employ it in accordance with nature's laws, and how to regulate his personal habits, &c., so as to keep it unimpaired. On his part, Herr Behnke devotes most interesting chapters to the laryngoscope and its revelations, evolving from close study of nature in the act of working such rules as may best accord therewith. A number of illustrations, being copies of photographs taken by means of the laryngoscope, accompany these chapters and, quite independent of any theory, reveal to the student much that it is desirable and even necessary he should know. The whole book, in point of fact, is full of that which the student ought to learn for his own self-guidance. We commend it heartily to all vocalists, amateur or professional. A careful reading will open their eyes to many things now, perhaps, unsuspected.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

God who madest Earth and Heaven. Anthem for baritone solo and chorus, with organ accompaniment. Composed by W. H. Sampson, B.A.

As regards form, this is a plain and unpretending setting of the well-known hymn, though its harmonic features are here and there bold and uncommon. The music lies well within the means of average amateur choirs, and makes a useful little anthem for evening service. The melody is "taking," and well marked throughout.

WILCOCKS AND CO.

Etudes des Enfants. No. I., Louis. No. II., Percy. No. III., Lillian. By Henry W. Pohlmann.

THESE are easy pianoforte pieces, fingered and adapted for the use of children. They are of a varied character, and make good as well as interesting practice.

Memories of Student Life. Reverie for the Pianoforte. By Henry W. Pohlmann.

AN easy piece in G, having themes which, by their character, may be those of German students' songs.

An Unforgotten Song. Melody for the Pianoforte. By Henry W. Pohlmann.

THIS is also easy, and adapted to prove useful in the art of "singing" on the pianoforte—an art now neglected, unfortunately, for the cheaper glories of mechanical agility and athletic pommelling.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Camille Waltz. By J. T. Musgrave.

THIS is a superior waltz, and has some fresh features about it. It is worth playing for itself alone.

Old Memories. Song. Words by M. Powis Bale. Music by J. T. Musgrave.

NOT equal, in its way, to the waltz just noticed, but still a pleasant and unassuming strain such as a large class of amateurs love.

POET'S CORNER.

RECITATIVE.

YE gentle spirits! wand'ring nigh,
O tell me, tell
Of some sweet Avalonian spot
Where I may dwell
In peace delicious and profound,
On sinless, grief-untainted ground.
Ye sombre shades! mysterious,
Which hover near,
My cries of supplicating aid
Propitious hear,
And bear me 'midst your solemn host,
Unto this fair land's Uttermost.

ARIA.

On Avalon's fruit-famed shores,
Whose balmy air new life restores,
In bliss supreme I roam;
Thrice thousand thanks I render ye,
Spirits or shades! who guided me,
Unto this happy home;
For here, where joy and peace abound—
Here is my long-sought haven found.

GERTRUDE HARRADEN.

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN will leave England next month to fulfil his Continental engagements.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT'S new orchestral piece, *Elf-land* was played recently at the Crystal Palace, and encored.

MR. JOSEPH MAAS has been engaged for ten performances during the coming season of English opera at Drury Lane.

PAUL TAGLIONI, the arranger of countless ballets, and brother of Marie Taglioni, died in Berlin a week ago, at an advanced age.

M. RUBINSTEIN has so it is said, refused an offer from Mr. Abbey of £25,000 for one hundred Concerts, to be given within five months.

MR. GEORGE LEHMANN, a young musician only nineteen years of age, made his *début* the other day at the Brooklyn Academy of Music under the sounding title of "The young American violin virtuoso." Mr. Lehmann studied for three years at Leipsic and has taken the prize at the Conservatoire there, so that, as things go now-a-days, he may look upon himself as a full-fledged musician.

MR. CARL ROSA will begin his season of English Opera at Drury Lane on Easter Monday. His company will be formed of the following artists:—Sopranos, Mesdames Marie Roze and Georgina Burns, Misses Baldi and Clara Perry. Contraltos, Misses Burton and Le Brun. Tenors, Messrs. Maas, McGuckin, Davies, and Leumane. Baritone, &c., Messrs. Ludwig, Crosby, Snazelle, Pope, and Barrington Foote. The name of Madame Alwina Valleria will be painfully missed. The cast for Mr. Villiers Stanford's new Opera, *The Pilgrims*, has been thus arranged: Dame Margery, Miss Burton; Cicely, Miss Clara Perry; Hal o' the Chepe, Mr. Barrington Foote; Hubert, Mr. Davies; Geoffrey, landlord of the "Tabard Inn," Mr. Snazelle, Sir Christopher, Mr. Ludwig.

MR. CARL ROSA will not produce the *Beggar Student*, as was at one time intended. There is, however, some chance of its being heard at the Alhambra.

MR. ALBERTO RANDEGGER is engaged upon a Cantata for the Norwich Festival. The book, founded upon incidents in classical mythology, has been written by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

ADMIRERS of the actress will be glad to hear that "Alice Oates is not flattened out." Philologists anxious for an explanation may address the Editor of *Friend's Weekly*, New York.

A PAPER was read on the evening of December 4, at the College of Organists, by Mr. Samuel Gee, the subject being "The True Position of the Science of Music and the Status of its Profession." Mr. James Higgs occupied the chair.

MR. AUSTIN'S "Burn's" Concert is announced for January 25th, the artists being M^{me}. Agnes Ross, Miss Fyfe, M^{me}. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. G. Duncan, and Mr. Santley. The Glasgow Select Choir is also engaged.

A NEW YORK paper informs the public that Madame Marie Roze has been making a great success in Mackenzie's *Columbia* (sic). The editor is evidently under the impression that Mr. Francis Hueffer's libretto is founded on a "Yankee yarn."

THE *Figaro* authoritatively states that Verdi is even now engaged upon *Iago*, the new opera, the book of which is by Boito. Messrs. Ricordi have secured the right of publication when the work shall be finished—sometime in the Greek Kalends.

PONCHIELLI'S *La Gioconda* was produced, with considerable success, at the Metropolitan Opera House a few days before Christmas. A critic elegantly says, "The music of *La Gioconda* is the work of a mature musician, and it bears this stamp." The production is spoken of as the best thing Mr. Abbey has done so far.

MR. EUGENE D'ALBERT, the veteran musician of some nineteen summers, has—so it is said—met with an American possessed of more money than he knows what to do with, and has been engaged for seventy-five concerts for the lump sum of £6,250. The young pianist will also be "found" in travelling and hotel expenses.

MADAME ALBONI, the star that has so long faded from the operatic firmament, is living in retirement at Ville d'Avray, the pretty Parisian suburb where Gambetta lived and died. The great contralto, who is now fifty-six years of age, married six years ago a captain of gendarmerie named M. Zieger. He is described as a "perfect gentleman, very charming and sympathetic." Madame Alboni's little retreat is called the Villa Cénéréntola (the title of one of her operas); over the entrance gate shines resplendent a golden lyre, and on each side of the door are statues of Rossini and Meyerbeer, and above a medallion of Alboni herself. Madame has one preoccupation—a curious one for a lady; she is, if the word may be used, a pedomaniac. She takes long walks with a pedometer hanging round her neck to register the distances she travels in the course of a day—her chief ambition being to rival the achievements of the chasseurs-à-pied, the most athletic regiment in the French service. Consequently she is in excellent health, and far younger in looks than in years. Her charity is renowned all around Ville d'Avray, for she has always some good object at the end of her long marches.